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C O N T E N T S

Cover Design: By a Bale of Cotton	F. L. Fithian
Giving Grand Central the "Once Over"	Frank Godwin
Editorials: Easy Directions	A Rumor Brief
Decisions	
The Sibilant Signal	Charles A. Leedy
Truth Is Scarcer than Fiction	Heine
Her Souvenir	H. Seymour Keller
Editorial Grievs	Walt Mason
Bait Misers	Strickland Gillilan
How To Treat a Furnace	Lee Shippey
JUDGE'S Between Covers (Illustrated by Flagg)	Robert Mountsier
Early Copy	
Lazytown Local News	George Bingham
Jerking Too Soon	Tom P. Morgan
The Boob	John W. Carey
The Modern Woman: Curbside Comments	Oreola W. Haskell
Suffrage Snapshots	Ida Husted Harper
Mustard and Cress	Ethel R. Peyser
Snap Judgments	Maurice Switzer
What's Not in Washington	Francis X. Oswald
Laughs from Other Lands, With the College Wits, Passing the Mustard, Stories with Smiles, and Jest and Verse by JUDGE'S Staff.	
The Comedy of Life in Pictures by Grant E. Hamilton, Emil Flohri, H. A. Petersen, Zim, Hartman, Charles H. Wright, J. K. Bryans, H. G. Peters, Mark Fenderson, Graupner, Held, P. D. Johnson, Lang, Sanford Tousey, Myers, Dannenberg, Albert Hencke, C. W. Kahles, Lou Rogers, and others.	

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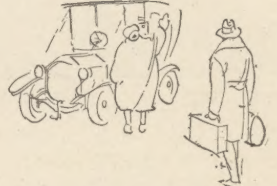
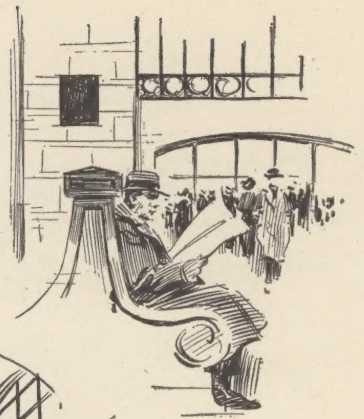
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EDITORIALS

Easy Directions

A GREAT number of persons who occasionally are included in the list of guests at some function at which speech-



making is a feature, and who, realizing their own inability to get on their feet and preserve self-possession, envy those who can do this with an envy that carks like care, need not despair.

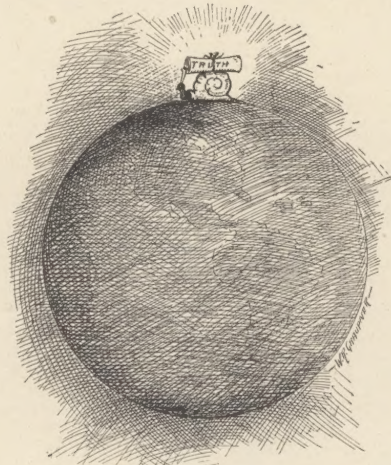
Some genius—probably himself a ready and witty speaker, with no tendency whatever to stage fright—has formulated a set of rules by which the tongue-tied may come forward with oratory that will amaze and delight—if it does not make jealous—even the stars at the game.

All the diffident, untrained, nervous and trembling person who desires to make a speech need do is to get out of his head that oratory is to be desired; think what he has to say; state his facts and then sit down; refrain from jokes or anecdotes unless they illustrate his points; ignore gesture or intonation; practice distinct enunciation; avoid a heavy meal before speaking, and take a cup of tea and a nap; and having once made a good speech by these means, cultivate a modesty that will enable him still to improve.

Nothing could be simpler than this. And every man who has wept in private over his inability to get on in this game has nothing to do but try the formula and at once blossom out as a modern Demosthenes with a little practice.

While this system may prove a boon to the public and eliminate all clumsy at-

tempts to make speeches, the person who devised it—he is unknown to JUDGE—should be sought out as a benefactor. It would not be too much to erect a monument to him in some prominent place and in a correct oratorical attitude, if it were not possible that some neophyte—or a mob of neophytes—that had put his system to the test might raze it after miserable failure to prove him right.



THE WAY IT TRAVELS

A lie will cover leagues while truth is putting on its boots

A Rumor

HIS HONOR observes with interest that while landladies are prone to gossip they have very little use for idle roomers.



THE CHASE

Brief Decisions

“ALL THE world loves a lover”—or so it seems, anyway, to the girl who is engaged to him.



War? Well, war, acrostically speaking, is nothing more or less than the wretched sum total of

Waste,
Arrogance and
Rapine,

and is practiced by civilized nations only after a lapse in a moment of blind passion into savagery.

Bildad wants to know why St. Honoratus is called the patron saint of the bakers. We really doubt not know, but it is probably due to the fact that St. Saleratus was absent in the yeast in the hour of knead.

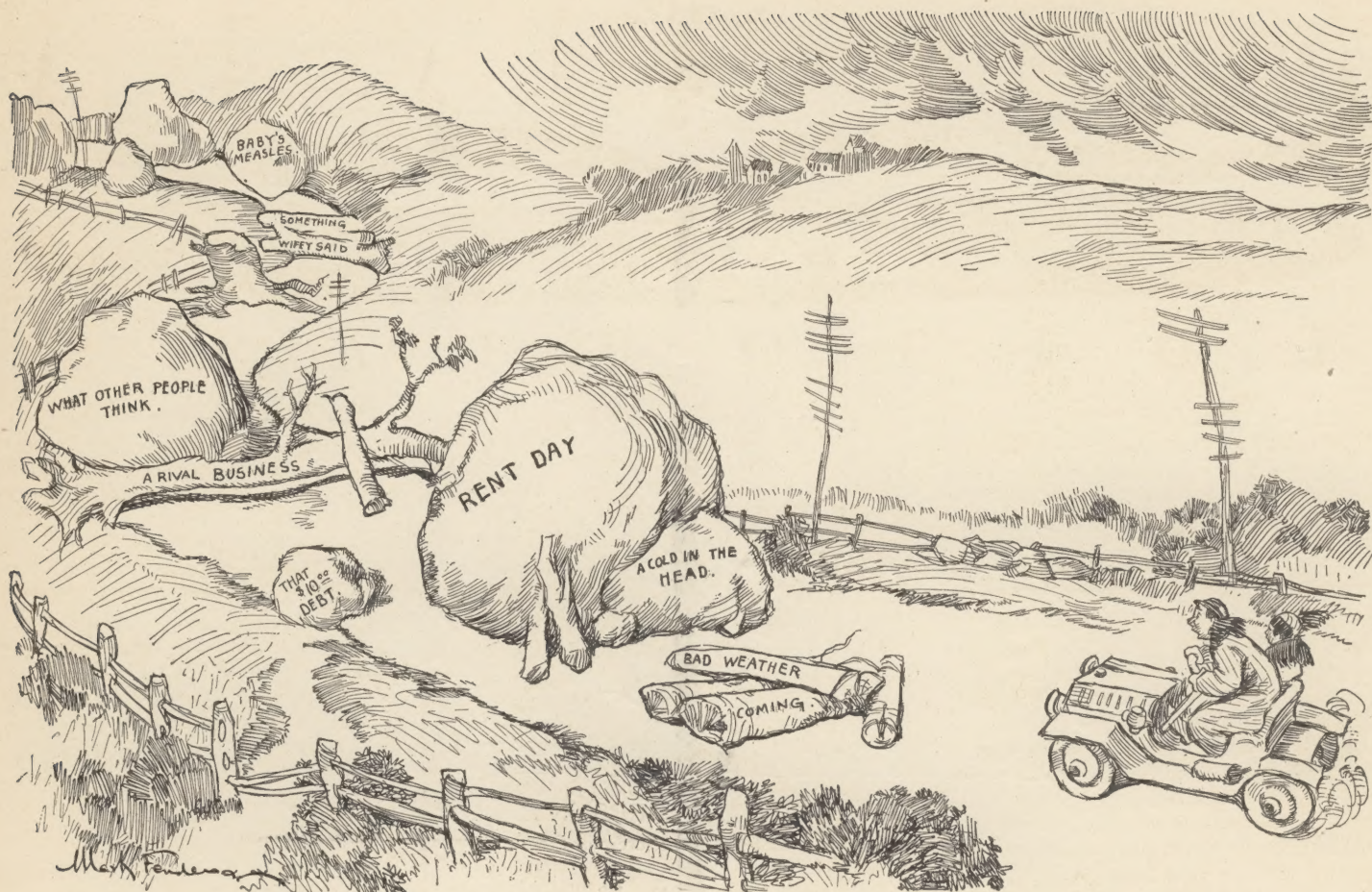
If the new war revenue taxes do not assay richly enough to meet the general needs, what is the objection to Uncle Sam's levying a ten-per-cent. tax on all poker pots and bridge-table winnings?

A Boston paper says that the fashionable woman is now pretty well accustomed to fuller effects. It may be added that hubby's pocketbook is getting wholly accustomed to emptier effects.

When Mark Twain said that lying was getting to be a lost art and ought to be taught in the public schools, some of the military schools seem to have taken him seriously.



CHARLES H. BROWN



THE PESSIMIST

The Sibillant Signal

UMSON took a revolver with him when he went to the cellar for the Christmas things he had hidden away from the children, because burglars had recently entered several houses in the neighborhood.



Although the weapon was clutched tightly in his right hand, Umson trembled when he heard, as his felt-shod feet pressed the bottom stair, a whispered sound that seemed to be a signal.

"P-s-s-s-s-t, p-s-s-s-s-t!" the sound came twice.

Umson decided to answer.

"P-s-s-s-s-s-t, p-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

Next came a long-drawn, sibillant "S-h-s-h-s-h-s-h-s-h!"

Again Umson answered, "S-h-s-h-s-h-s-h-s-h-s-h!"

Pointing his weapon toward the dark corner from whence the sound came, Umson reached for the incandescent-light button and listened for the signal to direct his aim.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

"BANG!"

But Umson didn't pull the trigger.

Mrs. Umson called from the top of the stairs, "There it goes at last! I just knew that ginger beer was spoiling."

—Charles A. Leedy.

Why They Never Buy Havanas?

"What kind of cigars do you wish to give your husband, madam—Havana or domestic?"

"Oh, domestic, by all means. I'm giving them to him to encourage him to spend his evenings at home, you know."



PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE

Professor—You have a wonderful talent for painting!

Muriel—Dear me, professor, how interesting; how can you tell?

Professor—I see it in your face!

Truth Is Scarcer Than Fiction

I'M TIRED of reading the war news,
And cables brief and in full;
I'm weary perusing bulletins,
With the accent on the bull.

I'm hoping I'll read, some morning,
Ere I pass to age from youth,
Just another foreign paragraph
Of the plain, old-fashioned truth!

—Heine.

When To Take a Grain of Salt:

When the friend of an hour invites you to stop a week with him, as "the latch-string is always out."

When a press agent says anything at all about his show.

When the architect says he has allowed plenty of margin in the figures on your house.

When you hear a mother say, "Well, of course I don't think my children are perfect."

When a baseball manager says he hardly hopes to land higher than fourth place next year.

It is easier to cap the climax than provide hats for your wife.



BENEFIT FOR SUFFERERS IN EUROPE

Who suffers the more, the sufferers or the audience?

Christmas Grist

MICHIGAN has an anti-profanity law which makes it a misdemeanor to swear in the presence of a woman. It does not, however, forbid a man to swear at their presents.

Christmas Credit

"Have you started anything for your husband for Christmas?"

"Yes; an account at High & Company's."

For the Time Being

Ardent admirer—Dearest, I have brought you no paltry Christmas gift. I ask you to take me for the present.

Chicago widow—Well, if it is to be only temporary, you are mine.

Making Sure

Mrs. Oldun—I buy my husband a box of cigars every Christmas.

Mrs. Newed—But I thought you objected to his smoking at home.

Mrs. Oldun—So I do—and he never does.

A New Definition

Teacher—What is the difference between militarism and militancy?

Pupil—Militancy is the feminine for militarism!

On the Road?

"Has he reformed?"

"Not exactly. He's just flirting with conscience."



Baseball player—Now, caddie, put over a hot inshoot and we'll see whether I get a two-hundred-yard hit or not!

Speculating on the Future

A GOOD-TALKING real-estate agent had captured the Eastern man and sold him a tract of land out in the woods, near Seattle. The buyer felt optimistic over the future of the Puget Sound country and told one of the natives of his purchase.

"So you bought land in the stumps and logs, off the road and where the district will not be settled in forty years, and paid one hundred and fifty dollars an acre for it," said the old resident, while the marks of a broad smile creased the back of his neck.

"Yes," said the enthusiastic newcomer, as visions of wealth raised the hair on his head; "and I think that in a few years it will be worth the price."

An Elusive Expression

She smiled at me! I beamed with ecstasy,

Until I came to find
Her smiles were certainly not meant for me,
But some one else behind.

Bad Business

Business man—How is the publishing business these days?

Editor—Very good, except for the powder magazines.



TO THE LOSER BELONGS THE SPOILS

He bet her little brother that he could not run to the well and back in five minutes.

Her Souvenir

AT LAST Matilda gets her vote,
Her heart's exquisite feature.
She packs it safe within her bag—
Does this delightful creature.



Homeward she trots
her happy way
And shows her
vote to hubby.
He, pausing for fit
words to speak,
Caresses his chin
stubby.

"So glad you've got the thing at last!
But, dern it, hon', and blast it!
Why didn't you go in the booth
And cross the vote and cast it?"

Proudly Matilda beamed with joy.
She cried, "It's mine—I claim it!
Give it away? Not on your life!
To-morrow I will frame it."

—Horace Seymour Keller.

Family jars are never used for preserving the peace.

The Whirligig of Time

"And why," asked the beyond-the-Styx tourist, "are all those men pelting that bespectacled, innocent-looking little fellow over there?"

"Well, if you were one of several newspaper correspondents, and you saw a chance to get even with the press censor who had done things to your articles during the great European war of 1914"—

"I see," said the tourist. "Drive on to the next attraction, please."

Passing Judgment

Producer—The comedians seemed nervous. What they needed was life.

Critic—You're too severe! Twenty years would be enough.

The Informant

"I never knew until last night what a bright fellow Mr. Fiddlewit is."

"H'm! How did you find it out then?"

"He told me."



COULDN'T BE DONE

"Land sakes, Stephen, what's the matter?"

"I heard about those aeroplane birds flying upside down, and I tried it."



Editorial Griefs

by Walt Mason

THE POLITICIAN, eyes afire, calls on the man who prints the *Lyre*, and roasts him roundly by the hour and hands him language which is sour.

"Dodgast your measly, rancid sheet!" the politician cries, with heat. "It isn't worth the dynamite to blow the blamed thing out of sight! I've always been your truest friend; I've boomed your paper without end. I've worn out seven pairs of shoes in bringing you the latest news. Two years ago, as you must own, I handed you a silver bone—a whole round dollar at one time—to pay up for your weekly crime. No gratitude your soul possessed—I warmed a viper on my breast! You know I am a candidate for cheese inspector of this State, and I expected your support, the warm, enthusiastic sort. I wrote my platform t'other day and brought it here upon a dray, supposing you would print the same and gladly help along my game. 'Twould fill eight pages of your sheet and give your readers quite a treat. But, by the sun that on us shines, you chopped it down to fourteen lines! Such perfidy I've never seen! Such lowdown conduct, base and mean! That soul of yours is out of gear—I've half a mind to pull your ear!"

The noisy statesman now is gone; Ye Editor, with widespread yawn, takes up his trenchant pen to write an essay on "Can Belgians Fight?" He gets as far as "Ages hence the bards will sing their brave defense of forts besieged by German foes," when through the office door there blows a gent, who says, "Doggone your life! Your paper says I beat my wife! Your action cannot be denied! I've come around to tan your hide!"

He hits Ye Printer with a chair, Ye Printer grabs him by the hair, and fur and whiskers fly around, accompanied by martial sound. Upon its broad foundation stones the building rocks and sways and groans, and finally the gent aggrieved out through the office door is heaved. He stands awhile upon his head, to figure out if he is dead. Ye Editor then goes to buy a beefsteak for his damaged eye; then to his office desk returns and starts reviewing Robert Burns.

But ere he fairly can begin, the merchant prince comes whooping in. "Great Scott!" he cries, just boiling mad. "You've fairly ruined this week's ad! I wrote about a suit of clothes at seven plunks—that's cheap, Lud knows!—and you have made it seven cents! Now all the jays and crossroads gents will come to buy those blooming clothes, and that means ruin, I suppose!"

Thus drags along Ye Printer's day; what wonder if his mane is gray?

Bait Misers

(A frivolous poem with a serious moral.)

I USED to go a-fishing
With a chap 'twas always wishing
That with one small, anemic worm he'd catch a bully string.
He'd let one slender wriggler
Act as his chief inveigler,
Till it was soaked so thin and small you couldn't see a thing.

We other boys beside him
Would bullyrag and chide him
And pack our hooks as full of worms as ever they would stick.
While we went home well laden
With fish, he'd be upbraiding
And growling round about his luck—he'd even cuss the "crick."

That fellow's now in trade,
And the record he has made
Recalls the saw that says, "The boy is father to the man."
He tries to see how small
He can make his ad to call
The public's loose attention—and he's just where he began!

Perhaps he'll never know
That when times and streams are low
And trade and fish are scarce, he can't afford, hook-bare, to wait.
For folks are fond of dealing
Where ads are most appealing,
And seldom with the miser who is stingy with his bait.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Why She Liked It

Anna—How do you like being engaged to Jack?

Agnes (a literary girl)—Oh, it's wonderful! The dear fellow calls me a poem, envelops me in his arms and seals with a kiss!

Some women would play the game of life better if they could remember what the trump is.



"Hey, mister, lookit! Willie Kelly's sneakin' inter yer movie!"



DANGERS OF THE HUNT

How To Treat a Furnace

By LEE SHIPPEY

TREAT your furnace kindly. Let your watchwords as a furnace tender be gentleness and uplift. Be firm with your furnace, but always gentle. Some persons imagine that the way to make a furnace behave properly is to first shake it violently, and then maul the life out of the remaining coals with the poker. They try chastisement when they should try gentleness and uplift, and only succeed in packing the coals harder and destroying ventilation, the secret of successful furnace tending.

Nothing responds more readily to uplift than does a furnace fire. When, in the early morning, you wish to arouse the furnace fire from its slumbers, you should first shake it gently, then gently tickle the ribs of the grate with the poker to make ventilation more perfect, and then crack the top crust with a lever-like, uplifting use of the poker. In a minute the fire will be wide awake and in good humor, laughing and sticking out its tongues of flame at you in merriment.

Never swear at your furnace, no matter how it annoys you. That will make it sulky and obstinate. You never saw a furnace which was sworn at often which was not frequently sulky and obstinate. Now, did you? It is advisable to take the directly opposite tack. I know a man who always addresses his furnace as "sweetheart" or "darling," and he assures me the plan works to perfection.

"Maybe it doesn't really make the furnace warm up the way it seems to," he frankly admits. "Maybe the mere suggestion just keeps me from losing my temper and hammering my fire to pieces. But, anyway, the results are excellent. Savvy?"

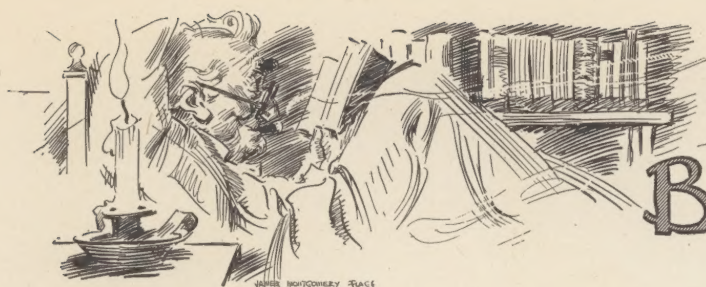
To Sibyl

When clad in silks my Sibyl glides,
My deepest love for her abides—
Her rhythmic grace my wit decides.
Since tin they use our silks to thicken,
So thus it is my thoughts now quicken
To say that Sibyl is "canned chicken"!



CURED

One of those fellows who would exchange places with a woman any day—and she took him up.



Judges Between Covers

By ROBERT MOUNTSIER

Passing Sentences

“THE JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH MOTHER GOOSE.” The complete “Mother Goose” de luxe this, with its seven hundred rhymes from everywhere and its perfectly darling little folk, whom you want to gather into your arms. It is a whole Christmas in itself for the child who wakes up to find the book his.

“IN DICKENS’S LONDON,” by F. Hopkinson Smith. In which Smith—one can’t always say F. Hopkinson Smith when space is ltd.—pays a debt to Dickens and the Dickens lover becomes indebted to Smith for picturing with the

London spirit of seventy years ago the few remaining places associated with Dickens and his characters. The Londoners described in the text are living proof that raw material is still awaiting the pen of another Dickens.

“THE FOREST OF ARDEN,” by George W. Edwards. Written and pictured before the beautiful Arden district was turned into a battleground, this handsome volume possesses peculiar interest as a “before the war” book. As a gift book it should remind the reader that the home-loving and hos-

pitable Belgians pictured by the author-artist are now in greater need of food and clothing than of sympathy.

“THE MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND THE BUDDHISTS,” by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy. With that name off my mind, I can proceed to say that as a comprehensive treatment of Indian mythology and an exhibition of recent native art, this volume is doubly interesting to you and me, who like to receive as Christmas gifts books that pay us the compliment of a high order of intelligence.

CHRISTMAS is coming, and I know it by the coming of the annual winter crop of gift books. There was a time, however, when any such warning would have been wholly unnecessary. That was when I spent months looking forward to the toys and books I was to see for the first time on Christmas morning—that is, if I did not discover them several days before, hidden away behind the sofa, in the attic or under the kitchen stairs. Between the juvenile, also the adult, gift books of those days and the above volumes there is as great a difference as—well, as there is between a Christmas card of 18** (please fill in date to suit your years) and a beautiful Dutton card or calendar for Christmas, 1914. Indeed, the “artists” of our younger days must have acquired their coats of many colors for Christmas books and cards at a colored preacher’s funeral.

Those were indeed the dark ages in the art of illustration, despite the bright colors that illustrator and printer slapped on. Yet we got our share of childhood pleasure out of those gaudy books. Now I do not intend to say, “Oh, to be a child again!” for one reason, because I should miss the extra pleasure that comes with age—no, I’m sure I haven’t reached my second childhood yet—in reading and looking at the above gift books and the editions de luxe of Kipling books that Doubleday, Page are offering both for all the year round purposes and for Christmas. There’s everything from “Actions and Reactions” to “Wee Willie Winkie,” in single volumes

or in The Seven Seas Edition if you wish to give some friend a nice \$138 present, with Kipling’s autograph thrown in for good measure. The latest Kipling book, just off the press, is “A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling,” prepared by Ralph Durand, with Kipling’s personal help. At first sight it might seem that only a Kipling expert could get anything out of it without having all the poems at hand. But the annotations constitute an abridged dictionary of the Hindu language and Tommy Atkins’s slang. The latter, taken with its explanations, is as entertaining as *Punch*; but perhaps you don’t enjoy the British variety of humor. If so, the blame is not all yours.

No matter; the class in Kipling will now recite. Q. What does Mr. Kipling mean when he speaks of “the delight of wild asses” in stanza 6 of “To the Unknown Goddess”? A. See Jeremiah ii. 24. Q. What are the “great serpents, blazing, of red and blue” in “What the People Said”? A. Fireworks. Q. In “One Viceroy Resigns” who “hates cats and knows his business”? A. Bobs. Q. Who was “Bobs”? A. Lord Roberts. Q. Who is Thomas Atkins? A. Tommy Atkins. Q. What does a commissariat elephant do when he goes “musth”? A. He gets excited. Q. What are Martinis? A. Cocktails. (But in Kipling’s poems they are rifles.) Q. Why is East East and West West? A. Because Kipling said so.

Very well done. The class is now excused.



RUDYARD KIPLING

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



D R O N E S

Early Copy

I MOP the beads from off my brow
And write of glittering snow crystals.
Had I that editor here now,
'Twould sure be cafe noir and pistols.

He has no business asking me
For Christmas dope, inspired or not,
When, as the reader shrewd may see,
'Twas written when the sun shone hot!

—Strickland Gillilan.

Quite Likely

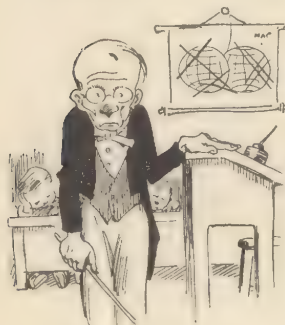
The Christmas goose was inclined to be facetious as it gorged the food so generously given. "I presume," it remarked, "that during the battle for the Yuletide dinner they will attack both my right and left wings."

Making the Rounds

"When did he come to the turning point of his life?"
"When he began to roll in the wealth that was left him!"



THE DUST has all been settled for the year, and Yam Sims says it is a hard matter now for a nice young man to attract much attention while traveling about over the country roads.



The school teacher

remain neutral throughout.

The entertainment to be given by the Ladies' Aid of the Dog Hill church promises to be very successful. To draw a large crowd, no admission will be charged, but the person passing the hat around will stop in front of each spectator long enough for him to decide whether or not he wants to contribute.

Fletcher Henstep was over in the Calf Ribs neighborhood yesterday and got a good look at a man who is reported to have paid up seven years' back subscription to the Tickville *Tidings*.

Columbus Allsop has a good dawg to trade for something else useful. This will cut his number down to seven, but he says he has to do it, as he is afraid he could not make a good living for them all.

Lazytown Local News

By GEORGE BINGHAM

this winter, and at the same time look after his family—as is required by law.

The widow of the Calf Ribs neighborhood was in our midst on business one day this week and looked at Raz Barlow.



Poke Eazley

whittling on a fresh dry-goods box.

A lightning-rod agent was here a few days ago. Columbus Allsop got one on approval and will take it to his housetop and try it out thoroughly next time there is any lightning.

Jefferson Potlocks was arrested on Musket Ridge day before yesterday, by the deputy constable, on a charge of having entered the smokehouse of a man near Bounding Billows. When searched, more than a bushel of turnips were found on his person.

Tobe Moseley reports that his bees have just gone through a hard summer's work, and he is now letting them enjoy the fruits of their labors by not arising every morning until the dew is off the grass.

Washington Hocks has got back from a prospecting tour through the woods of the Gander Creek bottom and reports a bountiful crop of autumn leaves.

Miss Fruzie Allsop bought a stamp at the post-office this week. Another job for the already overworked mail carrier.

The Excelsior Fiddling Band is reported to have made some lovely music while out serenading the other night, but the wind blew it all away as fast as it was rendered.

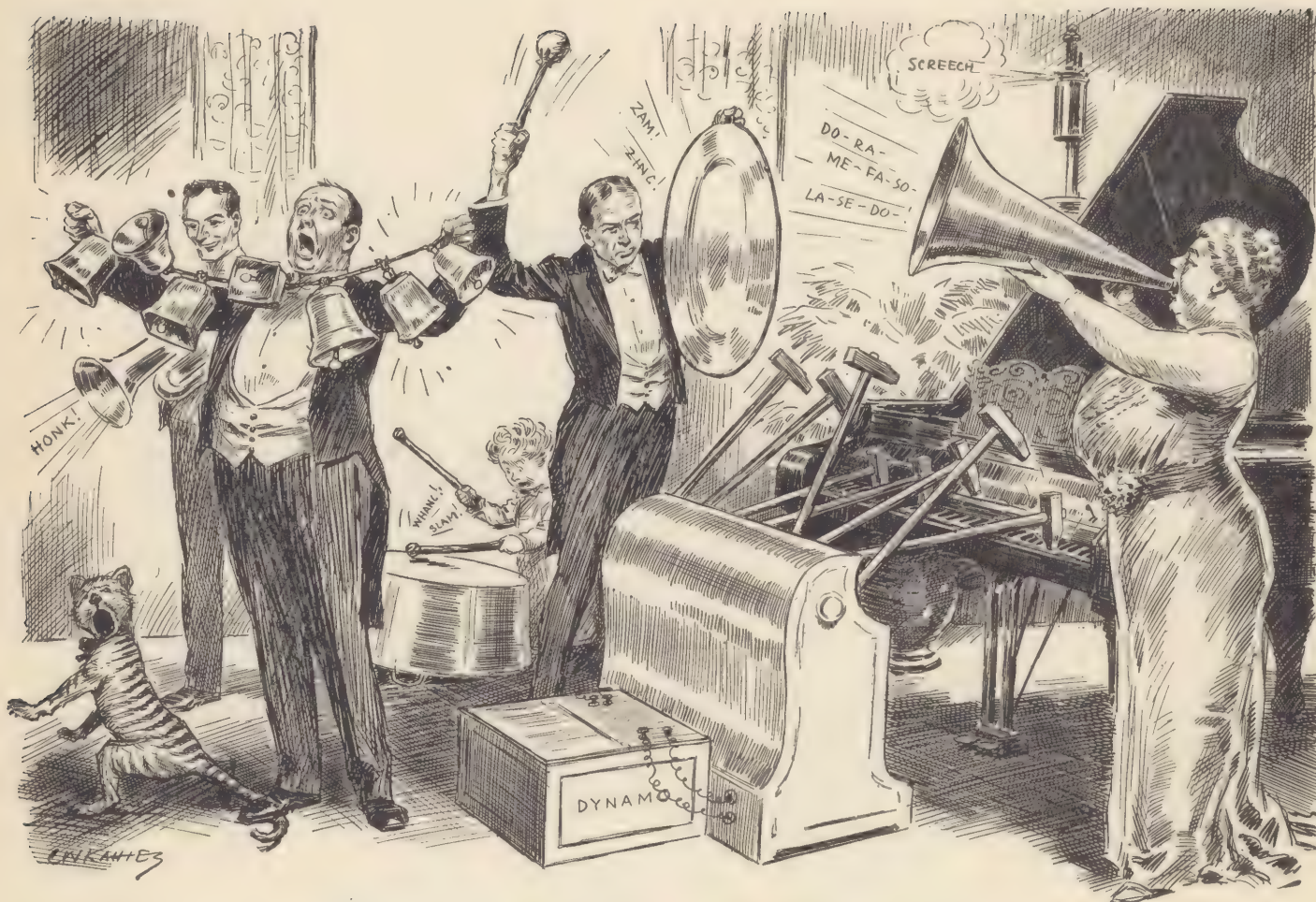
Yam Sims, who has been riding a tall, yellow mule for some time past has swapped it for a smaller one, to conform with the hitching post at the home of Miss Flutie Belcher.

Cricket Hicks
yearns to live in
Tickville or some
other large place, where he can have his
shirt washed by machinery and tied up
by a pretty girl every week.



Yam Sims





THAT CLASSICAL CONCERT

As it sounds to the nervous person downstairs.

Jerking Too Soon



NO DOUBT," stated Grout P. Smith, "there are other pursuits as futile as compiling statistics, but my nephew, Waldo Wabbling, who recently graduated from the high school, seems to find it his favorite way of wasting time. He is of a mathematical turn and delights in reducing to figures such problems as how many motions would be required to dip Lake Memphremagog dry with a gourd holding a fraction less than a pint, if the dipper put his whole mind to it. Still, it might be worse—he could be quarrelsome or devoted to the tango or just a plain deadbeat, and he isn't and doesn't. And once in a while he unearths food for philosophy along with his dusty figures.

"For instance, the other day he gravely informed me that the American people lose each year 3,779,989 fish by jerking too soon. At a casual glance that would seem to be slightly unimportant, even if

probable. But upon examining a little deeper into the matter, we find that if certain other things are substituted for fish, the problem becomes more or less vital. Several young attorneys of my acquaintance have consented to run for the Legislature at the earnest solicitation of their many friends, before they had many friends to solicit them—and thus jerked too soon. Certain other young men have made fair starts in business, but put on the airs of great prosperity before they could afford to; they jerked too soon.

"Upon various occasions I have had suave gentlemen seek to interest me in schemes, and, thinking I was hypnotized when I was merely ruminating, jerked too soon and lost me off the hook. An angling widow has been known to jerk before she had the victim whom she intended making her third or fourth husband, as the case may have been, thoroughly hooked, because

she didn't make sufficient allowances for his wariness. In business, war, love, politics and so forth, most of us underestimate the other fellow's intelligence and resources, and jerk too soon. I believe I could name a monarch or two in Europe who jerked too soon, and thus became involved in a war which will prove horribly disastrous to both winners and losers."

—Tom P. Morgan.

Looking

Friend—What are you doing for a job?
Another—Looking for one.



Friend—After all, woman is a weak vessel.
Father (of a few)—She may be a weak vessel, but the cost of her rigging would lead one to suppose she is a dreadnought.



A L L I E S

The Boob

"IT MAY be I'm a first-class boob," said Willie Pettingill,
 As he blew into Podunk town from doing Gothamville.
 "I say it may be I'm a boob—whatever that may be.
 I'm glad I'm back in Podunk, for it sure looks good to me—
 In tall-grass Podunk, if you please, where every now and then
 One meets a neighbor on the street and calls him Dave or Ben—
 In Podunk, where one's credit's good at Simpson's dry-goods
 store,
 And where one sometimes even knows the folks that live next
 door—
 In Podunk, where the citizens devote a thought betimes
 To something else besides the chase for dollar bills and dimes—
 In Podunk, where a Main Street lot comes not so blooming high
 That ninety-seven-story blocks are all that greet the eye—
 In Podunk, where they swing no signs, 'No babies wanted here,'
 And tots don't have to gambol on a Hudson River pier—
 In Podunk, where verandas wide and living-rooms abound,
 And folks need not to go outside the flat to turn around—
 In Podunk, where front yards are not extinct, but still in style,
 And grass grows just as green as in the valley of the Nile—

In Podunk, where it's possible for one to get around,
 Without his riding in the air or shooting underground—
 In Podunk, where a chap stands up to give a girl his seat,
 Nor has to call a crossing cop to see him o'er the street—
 In Podunk, where one need not be a Gould to own his shack,
 Nor chase like mad to work each morn from far-off Hackensack—
 In Podunk, where the yokels all—benighted, bush-league
 wights!—
 Eat three square meals and quit at that—and go to bed o'
 nights!—
 In Podunk, where when Brother Elks, with slow and measured
 tread,
 Bear out one's bier, The Whang will note at least that one is
 dead.

* * * * *

It may be I'm the boob and that my head suggests a cube,
 And yet it seems to me as if the grand exalted boob
 Is Johnny Wise, who walks the way of lights and ting-a-ling,
 And thinks he has a corner on that joy-of-living thing."

—John W. Carey.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Curbside Comments

By OREOLA W. HASKELL

Wives

OH, WHEN men write of women
Whom they'll condescend to wed,
They want the crown of beauty
Shining on each wifely head.
To read, you'd think that naught but eyes
Aglow and hair ashine
Could ope the doors of marriage
To the aspirants in line.
But many a homely creature
Gains the wedding ring with ease,
For wrens the peacocks oft excel
In ways that charm and please.
So though man laudeth looks in print,
With pen both bold and free,
He's won by that far greater lure
Called personality.

Another Iconoclast

ELBERT is, however, not the only man to put a puncture in the old tires of thought. A young and brilliant writer takes up the feminist chant in these notable words, "We are just beginning to realize that the intense narrowness of women is one of the things that thwart human effort. The number of wives who have egged their husbands on to ruthless business practices, the inventive minds that have been stunted by a fierce absorption in the little interests of the home, all the individualism of women is a constant obstacle to a larger co-operative life. If we knew the details of why men falter, why they are pulled away from common action, we should find that there is some woman at home who, limited in her whole vision, was clinging desperately to some immediate personal advantage; and as for children, in their most educable period, they are surrounded by an example of isolation, made to feel that the supreme concern of life (human) is to look in toward the home, instead of from it. It is no wonder that democracy is so difficult." Ugh! Just think of this cast in the very face of the anti assertion that the best way to ruin woman is to give her broad interests and a sense of responsibility for big matters! All solos like this should be hastily drowned in a loud-ringing chorus of the platitudes and protests.

Suffrage Snapshots

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

KANSAS, where women have had the municipal vote twenty-seven years, reports in ninety-seven counties but eleven insane persons. Massachusetts, where women have only a scrap of a school vote, has the largest percentage of insane people of any State in the Union. There may be no connection between insanity and suffrage, but this is a deadly parallel.

The men can vote, but won't, and the women can't, but want to. Why don't the newspapers that write yards of editorials before election, begging the men to go to the polls, and seeing their advice followed by about thirty-three-and-a-third per cent., use their valuable space to get a chance for women? They are used to accepting thankfully things that men don't want.

No, Ethelyn, Lu Lu Temple is not the name of a woman-suffrage headquarters. It is the rendezvous of an ancient and honorable body of men in Philadelphia, where they think women are too frivolous to vote.

In Chicago, before the women took a hand, the disposal of the garbage cost the city \$4,000 a month; now it nets a profit of \$2,000 a month, and yet people wonder why the grafters are so dead set against votes for women.



YOU LOVE RED FIRE AND A LOUD NOISE



YOU NEVER CONVICT A PRETTY WOMAN OF CRIME

"YOU WOMEN ARE TOO EMOTIONAL TO VOTE," BUT—OH, YOU MEN FOLKS!

Mustard and Cress

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Some Unaxiomatic Axioms

Quite Outworn Since Early Part of Century

IF WOMEN go to college, they won't like their homes.

If women go to college, they won't marry.

If women go to college, they will dress like men.

If women go to college, they will not love children.

If women go to college, they will be too independent.

Getting Outworn

If women work, they won't like their homes. (Then why do so many work?)

If women work, they won't want to marry. (Then why can so many women marry the poor men they love?)

If women work, they will dress like men. (Then why does most of their money go to keep up with the styles?)

If women work, they will not like children. (Then why do they work often-times to educate children and adopt them?)

If women work, they will become too independent. (This still is a thorn in the flesh to progress. But why are there women's trade schools?)

Not Outworn

If women vote, they will despise their homes. (There are some homes in suffrage States.)

If women vote, they won't marry. (Have you seen any male exodus from Colorado?)

If women vote, they will dress like men? (Why, then, do dressmakers advertise in suffrage papers?)

If women vote, they will not like children. (Investigate this among married suffragists.)

If women vote, they will be too independent. (Still the thorn in the flesh to progress. Independence is still masculine in gender.)

Signs of Mourning

"Why, I think she's in mourning!" he said.

"Do you think that her husband is dead?"

No, not because of her hats;

But she doesn't wear spats,

But wears black on her boot tops instead!"



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



Copyright, *Fliegende Blaetter*

First Thought

"Da ham mersch! Hätt' ich die Eier, die ich im Rucksack habe, doch lieber hart gekocht, anstatt weich!"

"Just my luck! If I had only boiled the eggs I've got in my knapsack hard instead of soft!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Fit

Rector—Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Hodge.

Hodge—Yes, zur, they be. An' if we wus all on us as fit to die as them are, we'd do.—*Liverpool Mercury*.



Mistaken Identity

Obvious embarrassment of Little Binks, who has injured his hand in the peaceful occupation of picture hanging, at being mistaken for a wounded hero.—*Punch* (London).



His Error

"A la bonne heure, je vois que, pour vous conformer aux prescriptions de l'hygiène, vous mettez des gants quand vous faites de la pâtisserie. Mais pourquoi noirs?"
"C'est pas des gants, c'est mes mains!"

"Well, that's fine! I see that to comply with the prescriptions of hygiene you are putting on gloves while making pastry. But why black ones?"

"These are not gloves. These are my hands!"—*L'Illustration* (Paris).



Copyright, *Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

"Wir gehn jetzt, Adalbert! Du flirtest ja mit der Kollegin da. Such' dir gefälligst ein anderes Motiv?"

"Zum Malen oder zum Flirten?"

"Adalbert, come right along! You're flirting with that student over there! You find another subject right away!"

"For painting or flirting?"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



Polite weedy gent—Won't you take my seat, madam?

Lady—Thanks so very much! But where did you get up from?—*London Opinion*.



Buchhalter—Meine Herren, schämen Sie sich doch, im Amt immer zu schlafen. Setzen Sie doch wenigstens diese Patentbrille auf—

Bookkeeper—Gentlemen, you ought to be ashamed to be always asleep in the office. At least put on these patent glasses—



—da können Sie ruhig weiterschlafen, ohne dass man davon etwas merkt.

—and then you can sleep all you want without any one noticing it.—*Man Lacht* (Berlin).

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



First Gentleman : "HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT WONDERFUL 'JOHNNIE WALKER' NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE?"

Second Gentleman : "NON-REFILLABLE WHAT?"

First Gentleman : "BOTTLE—A BOTTLE THAT PREVENTS AN ABSENT-MINDED SERVANT FROM FILLING UP."

Second Gentleman : "WHICH, THE SERVANT OR THE BOTTLE?"

First Gentleman : "BOTH."

The big demand for "Johnnie Walker" Red Label in 1914 was anticipated and is amply provided for by the huge increases in reserve which were laid down in 1904.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label Whisky is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



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Tobacco Redeemer is absolutely harmless and contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff. Tobacco Redeemer will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write to-day for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 316 St. Louis, Mo.

Snap Judgments

FOR YEARS we have heard, and taken it as a matter of course, how the patient lobster has been landed, shelled, broiled, roasted and canned. In our own tango belt thousands of lobsters are handled nightly by frail young women. Lobster training, in fact, is one of our favorite indoor sports. But the worm has turned. Over in New Brunswick, in the State of New Jersey, where they license roosters, a cook's valet got fresh with a fresh lobster, and the vicious brute turned on the man with a snarl, grabbed his index finger and shook it like a terrier shakes a rat. Although the victim went to the hospital, he recovered from the bite, and, like Goldsmith's dog, it was the lobster who died. Still, the wounded man brought suit against the hotel proprietors and was awarded \$210 damages. Is it possible that we shall have to muzzle our chicken lobsters as we do our dogs, or will the chickens have to wear gloves?

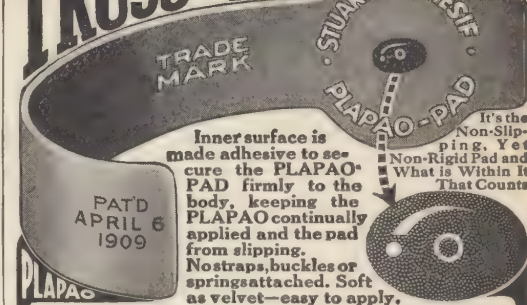
The brewers of the United States have been trying everything from ancient history to modern medicine to prove the efficacy of beer as a food and to dissociate the pale amber beverage from its deeper dyed and more insidious relative, John Barleycorn. The "educational" campaign is all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. If the malt magnates would try some full-page copy of pure reading matter, more people would be attracted to the text. It would be both diverting and interesting to learn that Henry VIII., the great English lady killer, lived to be nearly sixty, in spite of the fact that he had six wives, simply because, through all his days, he, like Robin Hood, sang the praise of brown October ale; and the moral would be perfectly obvious. But when the Dingbat Brewery appends its name to the copy, one begins to suspect that the information is not altogether disinterested. In other words, the advertising man is trying to perform the psychological feat of teaching history and selling his brand of beer at one and the same time; and, in the language of Goethe, das geht nicht!

It is pleasing to note that when the Turks fired a shot across the bows of the launch from the *Tennessee*, it was merely a little playful attention. We should probably have known this had we been as familiar with Turkish humor as we are with Turkish cigarettes. "Unfriendly, but not hostile," as Captain Decker phrased it, describes the situation. This is about the attitude of the landlord when he serves a dispossession notice. Unfriendly, but not hostile, is probably the way many of the voters felt in the recent elections, and this reflection should be a source of great consolation to Governor Glynn and President Wilson.

—Maurice Switzer.

There are not many men who could get to heaven on passports signed by their wives.

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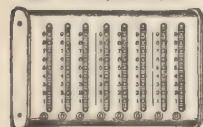
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MAY TO OCTOBER.

What's Not in Washington

Things That Might Have Taken Place in the Nation's Capital, but Haven't

By FRANCIS X. OSWALD

Washington Correspondent of JUDGE

(Special Dispatch to JUDGE)

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 12, 1914.—The censorship fever has hit Washington, and even the staid old *Congressional Record* has shown the evidences of war. But it was the only way in which this tame and domesticated family journal could maintain its reputation for soporific quietness and hold onto its sanitarium circulation.

For these have been exciting days among the congressional belligerents. The perpetual sessions have made even the kindest old gentlemen bitter and irascible. And Congress never was exactly an embroidery bee.

So we discover excerpts in the *Congressional Record* like the following:

"Mr. Mann, of Illinois: The gentleman from (name deleted by censor) is an unmitigated If it were not for the rules of this more or less body, I should take in the out of the window. But I must curb my, for I realize that the is a Democrat, and therefore and"

"Mr. Heflin, of Alabama: I hesitate to reply to the from, but if I had my way, his and peerless State of would go unrepresented. It is hard enough to be a, without being abused for it; but if I were a Republican, I would be if I would or, in the precincts of this Capitol.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York: Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of The from and have no right to and call each other Under the President's proclamation, we must be neutral. For my part, we are going to have neutrality if I have to every that dares to or in this House. If the from dares, he is a and a"

And so on and so forth.

But it was worse in the Senate. There a whole afternoon's running fire of flanking movements kept the censor on the jump. And when he got through, the record looked something like this:

"Mr. Penrose, of Pennsylvania: Mr. President, I resent the of the from I"

"Mr. Lewis, of Illinois: I and I; but and"

"The Vice-President: The from and will please come to order.

"Mr. Reed, of Missouri: I protest against this, because of and"

"Mr. Penrose: * ! * ! ! ? ?

"Mr. Lewis: * ! * ! ? ? * !"

No wonder Hague conferences are futile.

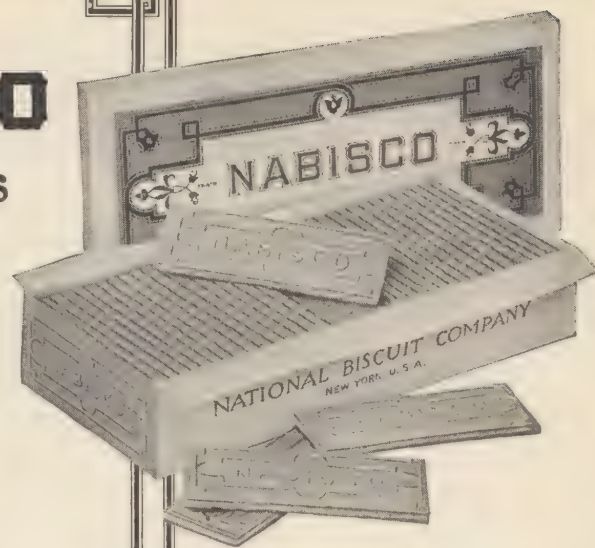
GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.

"Its purity has made it famous."

See the case of six glass stoppered bottles. [ADVZ.]

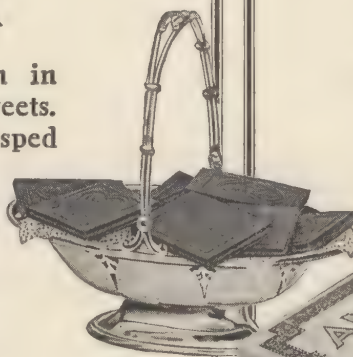
NABISCO Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

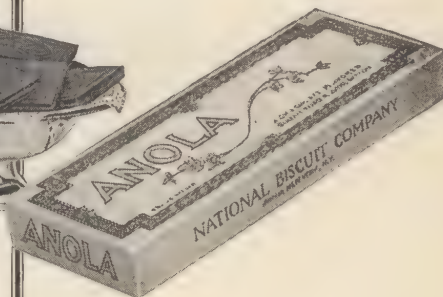


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—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



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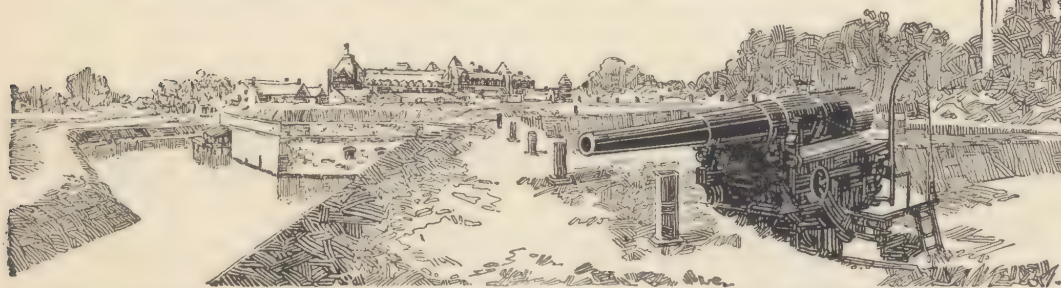
Enjoy getting well—make health-getting a delight?

Certainly, right here at home—where every natural condition exists and where skill and knowledge are just as great as in Europe. Surgeon General Rupert Blue, of the U. S. Health Service, says "our gouty and rheumatic population need feel no alarm at the closing of the celebrated resorts at Karlsbad, Baden Baden, etc.,—there are springs in this country that possess amazing curative properties."

Where is this place? At Old Point Comfort—Hotel Chamberlin—where every Treatment given at Aix, Vichy, Karlsbad, Nauheim, or Harrogate is duplicated under superior, professional, directing skill.

The delightful part? You live in one of the great Hotels of America, with a cuisine famed the world over. You meet people whose tastes are your own—you ride, motor, walk, play golf or tennis, and bathe in our great Sea-pool. You dance; you are a part of the cultured social life and pleasant diversion of one of our largest Army Posts—Fortress Monroe. You have ever before you the inspiring sea-view of Hampton Roads. You live in an atmosphere of cheer; the Treatments only add to the delightful part of getting well.

If you are really interested, let Mr. Adams send you the little book "Cured"—a plain tale of facts about what has been done at The Chamberlin for some of the thousands who came to take "The Cure." And when you write for "Cured," ask for some other books about the Hotel, Treatments, etc. You will find them worth reading. Address the Manager, George F. Adams, Box 214, Fortress Monroe, Va.



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The Fireproof Hotel of New York.

European plan.—560 Rooms.

All Outside Rooms.—400 Baths.

Room with adjoining bath, \$1.00 and \$1.50; two persons, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Room with private bath, one person, \$2.00; two persons, \$3.00.

Suites, parlor, bedroom and bath, \$3.00 and upward.

Three minutes from Pennsylvania Station, ten minutes from Grand Central Station. Within convenient walking distance of shopping and theatre districts. Nearest hotel to the steamship piers and to the railway terminals at foot of West Twenty-third Street.

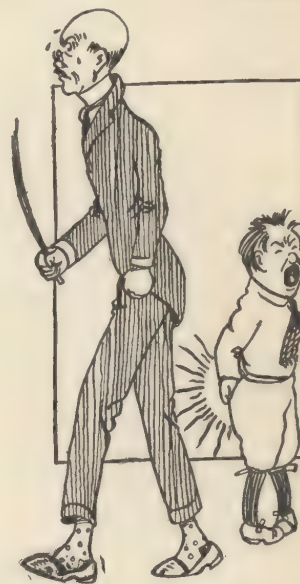
Restaurant a la carte and table d'hôte. Club Breakfasts, 35c.; Luncheons, 50c., and Dinner, 75c. Music. Special terms to Tourist Parties. New colored map of New York sent free on application.

With The College Wits

A Duet

A charming young singer named Anna
Got mixed up in a flood in Montana;
So she floated away,
And her sister, they say,
Accompanied her on the piano.

—Illinois Siren.



Kid—Yuh big coward! Yuh didn't dare hit me until my back was turned!—
Columbia Jester.

Get the Anchor. This Is a Deep One—
Mona—How does a black baby differ from a white one?

Lisa—Elucidate.

Mona—One's crocheted and the other knit.

(Think it over, and it'll sink in in a few minutes.)—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.



He—At a football dinner a man got up and left the table, because some one told a story he didn't approve of.

She—Oh, how noble of him! What was the story?—Yale Record.

The Exception—"What is 'brilliant repartee'?"

"'Brilliant repartee,' my boy, in modern society, is snappy conversation, each of which has seventeen meanings, sixteen of which no lady ought to know."—Ohio Sun-Dial.



Passing the Mustard

An Admission—Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?

Young woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course.

Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was.

Young woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, and hat to match—

Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!—*New York Sun.*

He Didn't Insist—New cashier—I should like to have an agreement with you to the effect that I shall have a week's notice in case I don't suit.

Bank president—That is easily fixed if you will agree to give us a week's notice before leaving.

New cashier (thoughtfully)—Well, let it go.—*Omaha World.*

Why, Indeed?—"Yes, I often think that women are as well qualified for war as men. My husband is opposed to it, but I often feel as if I'd like to leave home and get into the thick of the fight."

"But why leave home?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Enough, After All—"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman.

"Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp.

"There ain't any wood sawed."

"So? Well, give it to me cold."—*New York Sun.*

The Topography—Mrs. Nurich was telling of her recent motor trip.

"How about the topography of the country?" she was asked.

"Mostly Republican, but a few Bull Moose."—*Buffalo Express.*

It Surely Is—"Poverty is a blessing in disguise," quoted the sage.

"Well," replied the fool, **"the disguise is certainly effective."**—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

No Boaster—"You know I never boast," the opponent began.

"Never boast? Splendid!" And he added quietly, **"No wonder you brag about it."**—*Washington Star.*

Hidden Dangers—Motorist (to chauffeur)—Be careful about running over anybody hereabouts, James. This is a prohibition county, and most everybody has a bottle in his pocket.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Classic—"Say, Hiram, what do they mean by a Stradevar'us?"

"Oh, a Stradevar'us is the Latin name for a fiddle."—*Musical Courier.*

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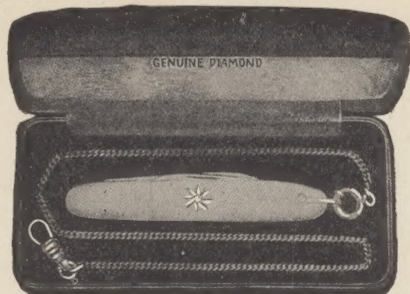
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Stories with Smiles

How Smith Got Back—Senator Charles F. Townsend, of Michigan, smiled when reference was made to somnambulism. He said he was reminded of a story along that line.

A man named Jones was talking to his friend Brown one night, when the latter casually mentioned Smith, a mutual acquaintance.

"Makes me think of an experience Smith had a few weeks ago," laughed Jones. "He dreamed that he was an Indian, and getting out of bed, he wrapped a blanket around himself and started to walk through the woods. Woke up about three hours later and found himself ten miles from home and no carfare in sight."

"You don't mean it!" was the amazed rejoinder of Brown. "How in the world did he get back?"

"That was easy," was the cheerful reply of Jones. "He lay down under a tree, dreamed that he was an Indian again and walked back."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

Business Reason—An old colored man, charged with stealing chickens, was arraigned in court and was incriminating himself when the judge said,

"You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain't got no lawyer, jedge," said the old man.

"Very well, then," said his honor; "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no, suh! Please don't do dat!" the darky begged.

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, jedge, Ah'll tell you, suh," said the old man, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jest dis way—Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chickens mahse'f!"
—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Why They Were Fresh—A German dairyman and farmer personally applied to a Pueblo housekeeper for a transfer of her custom to himself.

"I hear dot you haf a lot of drouble with dot dairyman of yours," he said. "Yust you gif me your custom, and dere will be no drouble."

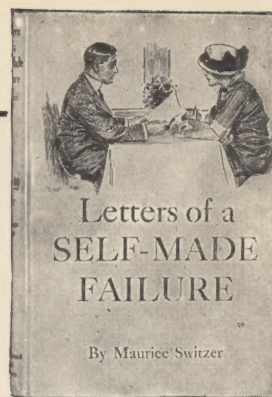
"Are your eggs always fresh?" asked the woman.

"Fresh!" repeated the German, in an indignant tone. "Let me del you, madam, dot my hens nefer, nefer lay anything but fresh eggs!"—*Field and Farm*.

Erasing Robert—"S-s-s-sus-say, ma," stammered Bobby, through the suds, as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him, "I guess you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"

"Why, no, Bobby, dear," replied his mother. "Whatever put such an idea into your mind?"

"Oh, nuthin'," said Bobby. "Only it seems to me you're tryin' to rub me out."
—*Onward*.



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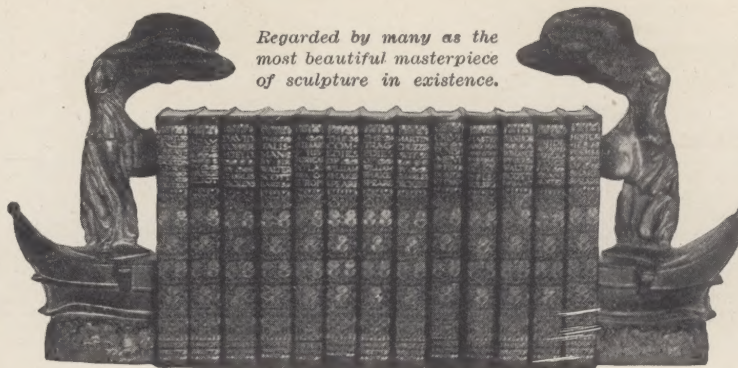
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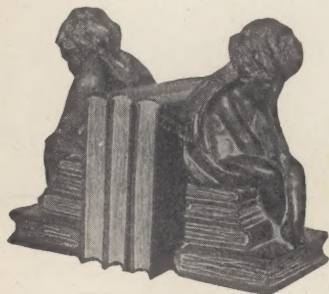


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